MARVEL KNIGHTS

SPIDER-MAN

DAREVIL

JENKINS
WINSLADE
PALMER

TWO OF FOUR

$2.99

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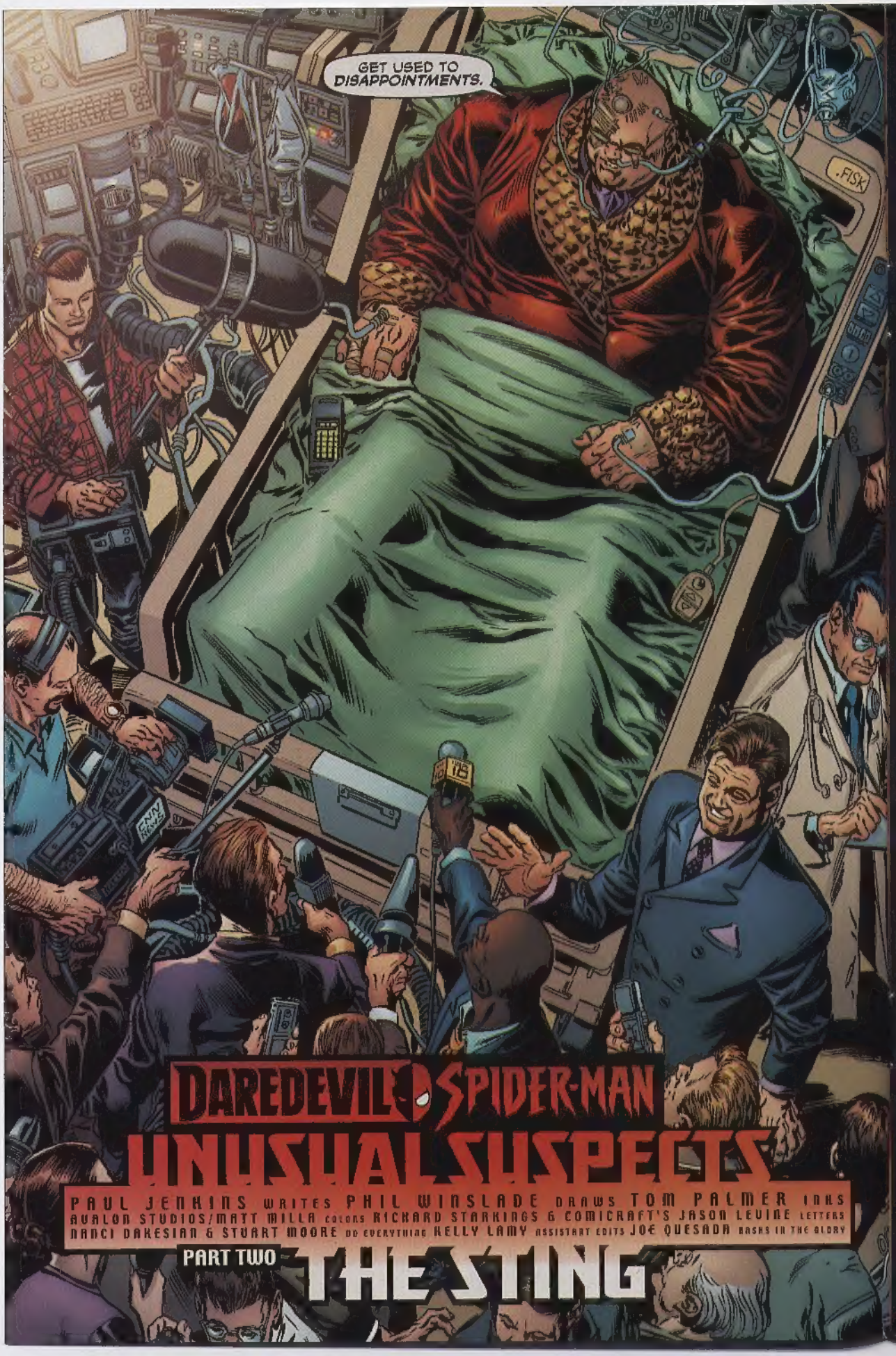
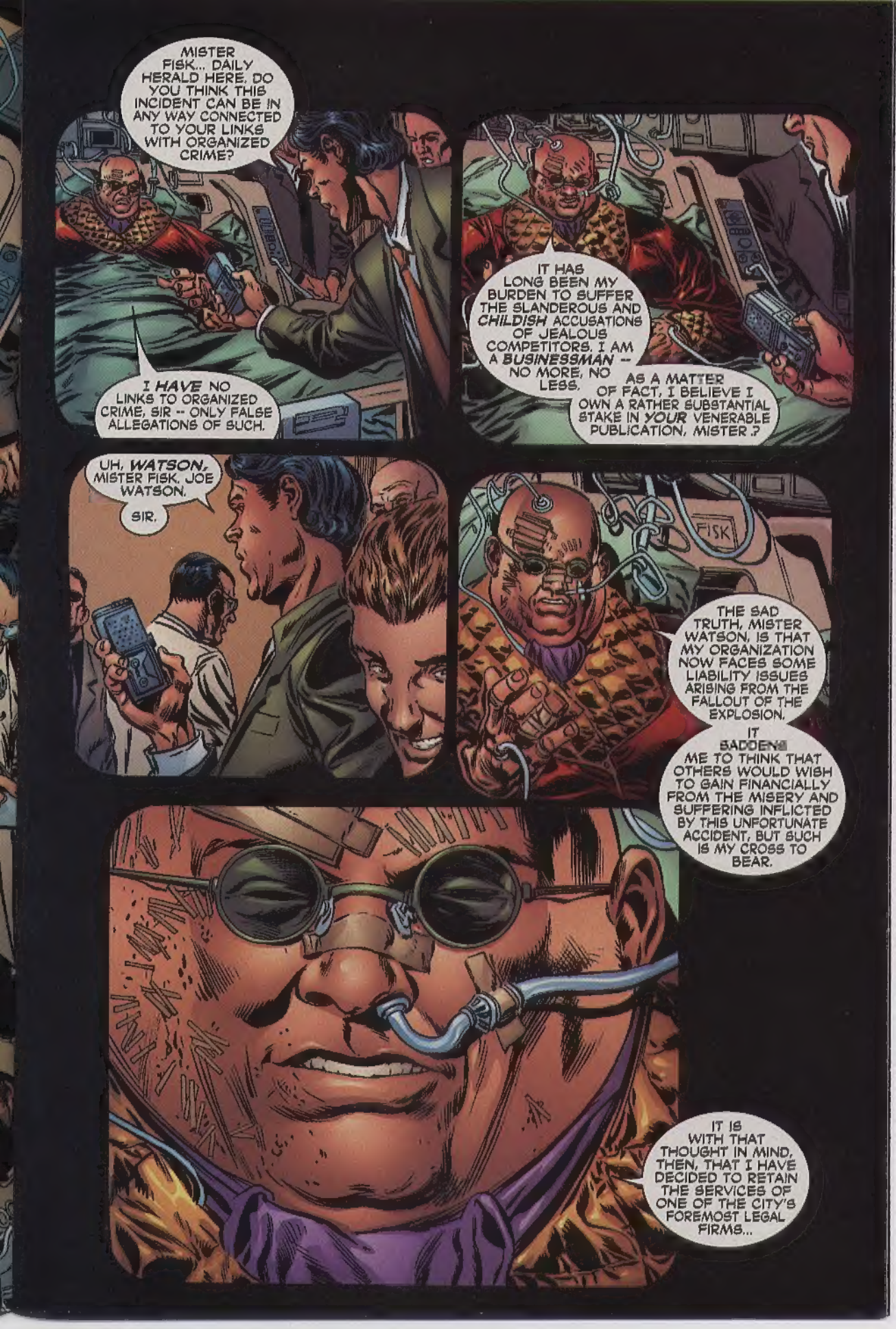
...REPORTS OF A MASSIVE EXPLOSION WHICH RIPPED THROUGH THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING IN THE EARLY HOURS OF TUESDAY MORNING...
...CAN YOU GIVE US ANY INDICATION AS TO HOW THE EXPLOSION OCCURRED-?
YES, IT WAS A GAS LEAK.
...UNCONFIRMED REPORTS INDICATE A WIDESPREAD AREA OF DAMAGE TO THE SURROUNDING AREA...
OKAY, BOB... WE GOTTA FEED GOING. GOING LIVE IN FIFTEEN, FOURTEEN...
SIR, CAN YOU CONFIRM THE PRESENCE OF A BLACK HELICOPTER GUNSHIP THAT WAS REPORTEDLY SPOTTED IN THE VICINITY PRIOR TO THE EXPLOSION?
NO COMMENT.
ANY IDEA WHO'S GUNNING FOR YOU, MISTER FISK?
SIR! OVER HERE --!
MISTER FISK, WHAT DO YOU SAY TO THOSE WHO MUST SURELY HAVE ASSUMED YOU DEAD AFTER THE EXPLOSION?


GET USED TO DISAPPOINTMENTS.
FISK
DAREDEVIL SPIDER-MAN
UNUSUAL SUSPECTS
PAUL JENKINS WRITES PHIL WINSLADE DRAWS TOM PALMER INKS
AVALON STUDIOS/MATT MILLA COLORS RICHARD STARKINGS & COMICRAFT'S JASON LEVINE LETTERS
NANCI DAKESIAN & STUART MOORE DO EVERYTHING KELLY LAMY ASSISTANT EDITS JOE QUESADA BASKS IN THE GLORY
PART TWO
THE STING


MISTER FISK... DAILY HERALD HERE. DO YOU THINK THIS INCIDENT CAN BE IN ANY WAY CONNECTED TO YOUR LINKS WITH ORGANIZED CRIME?
I *HAVE* NO LINKS TO ORGANIZED CRIME, SIR -- ONLY FALSE ALLEGATIONS OF SUCH.
IT HAS LONG BEEN MY BURDEN TO SUFFER THE SLANDEROUS AND *CHILDISH* ACCUSATIONS OF JEALOUS COMPETITORS. I AM A *BUSINESSMAN* -- NO MORE, NO LESS.
AS A MATTER OF FACT, I BELIEVE I OWN A RATHER SUBSTANTIAL STAKE IN *YOUR* VENERABLE PUBLICATION, MISTER ?
UH, *WATSON*, MISTER FISK. JOE WATSON.
SIR.
FISK
THE SAD TRUTH, MISTER WATSON, IS THAT MY ORGANIZATION NOW FACES SOME LIABILITY ISSUES ARISING FROM THE FALLOUT OF THE EXPLOSION.
IT SADDENS ME TO THINK THAT OTHERS WOULD WISH TO GAIN FINANCIALLY FROM THE MISERY AND SUFFERING INFLICTED BY THIS UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT, BUT SUCH IS MY CROSS TO BEAR.
IT IS WITH THAT THOUGHT IN MIND, THEN, THAT I HAVE DECIDED TO RETAIN THE SERVICES OF ONE OF THE CITY'S FOREMOST LEGAL FIRMS...

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I REMEMBER WHEN I FIRST BECAME A HERO.

SEEMS LIKE A LIFETIME AGO THAT I WAS STRUCK BY THE CANISTER CARRYING RADIOACTIVE WASTE WHICH TOOK AWAY MY SIGHT, AND LIBERATED MY SENSES.

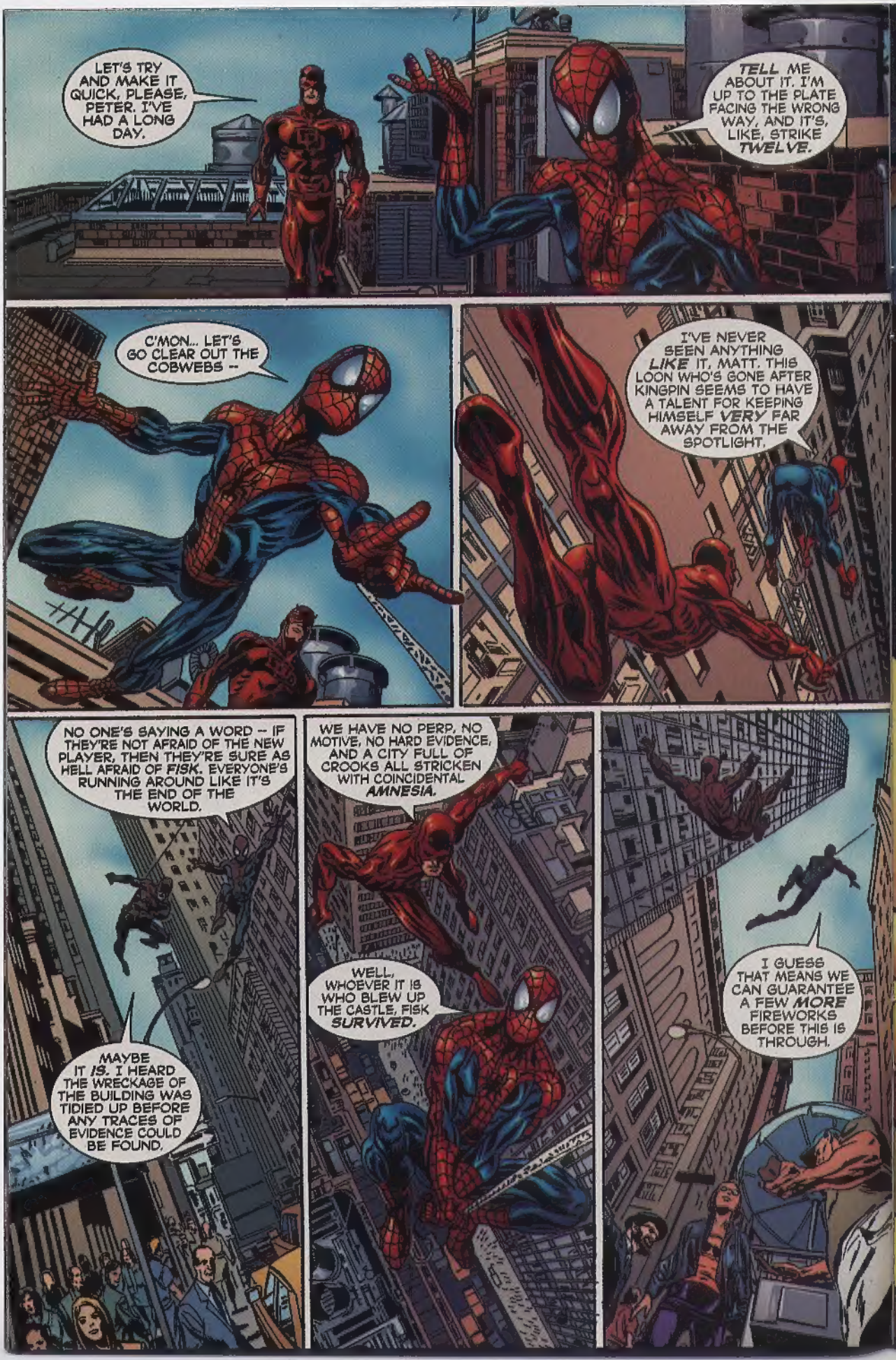
BACK IN THOSE EARLY DAYS, I WAS YOUNG AND BRAVE AND OH SO NAIVE... THROWING MYSELF AROUND THE CITY LIKE A HUMAN HAND GRENADE, BLOWING UP THE BAD GUYS INDISCRIMINATELY.

I WAS A BLIND FOOL WHO THOUGHT HE WAS GOING TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE.

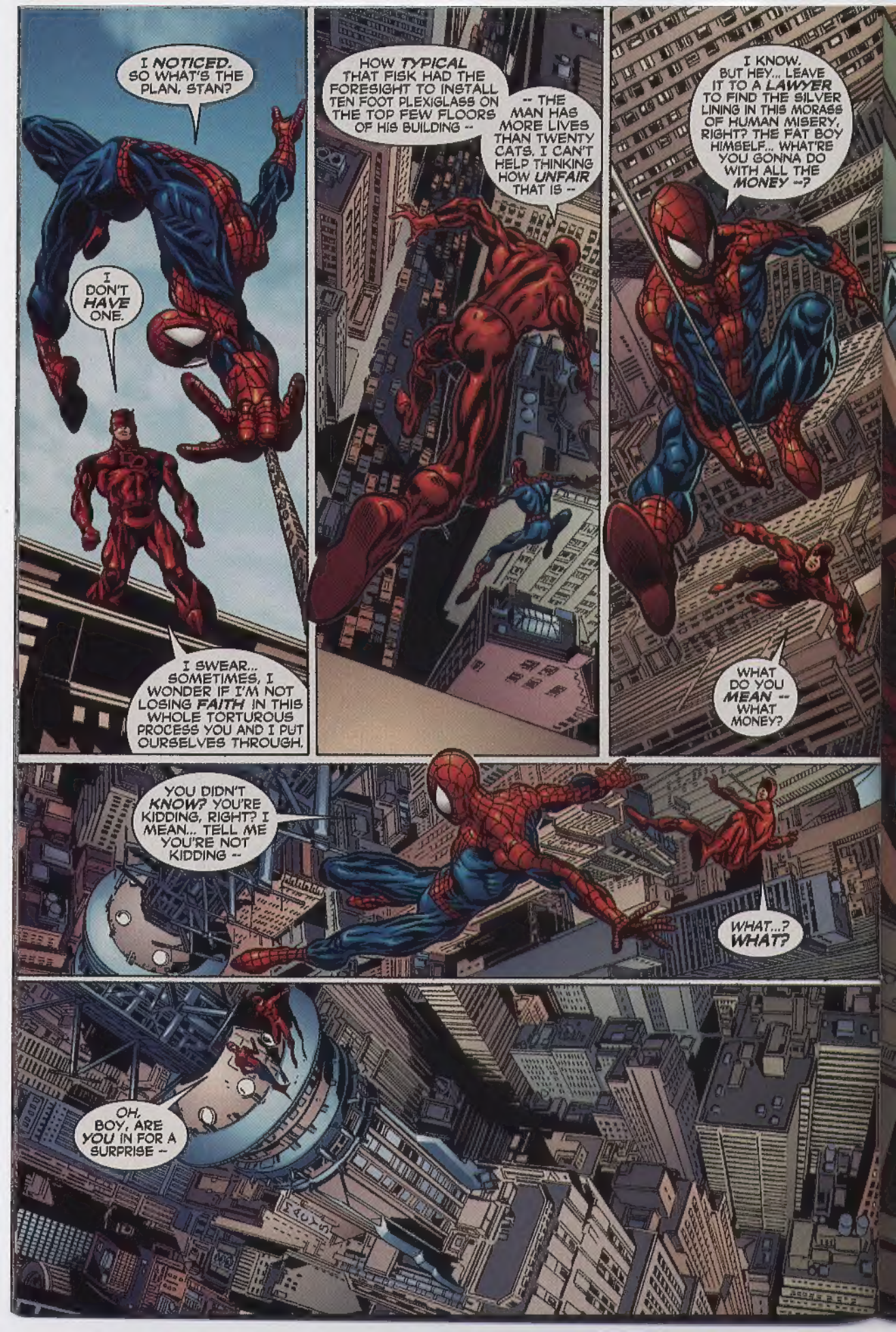
I MADE A LOT OF RIDICULOUS PROMISES -- TO THE CITY AND TO MYSELF -- THAT I'D RECTIFY INJUSTICE; THAT I'D RIGHT WRONGS, AND FIGHT CRIME, AND PUT AN END TO ALL THE KILLING.

BUT THE SAD TRUTH IS, THIS CITY WOULD RATHER KILL ITSELF.

SHOW-OFF.


LET'S TRY AND MAKE IT QUICK, PLEASE, PETER. I'VE HAD A LONG DAY.
TELL ME ABOUT IT. I'M UP TO THE PLATE FACING THE WRONG WAY, AND IT'S, LIKE, STRIKE TWELVE.
C'MON... LET'S GO CLEAR OUT THE COBWEBS --
I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT, MATT. THIS LOON WHO'S GONE AFTER KINGPIN SEEMS TO HAVE A TALENT FOR KEEPING HIMSELF VERY FAR AWAY FROM THE SPOTLIGHT.
NO ONE'S SAYING A WORD -- IF THEY'RE NOT AFRAID OF THE NEW PLAYER, THEN THEY'RE SURE AS HELL AFRAID OF FISK. EVERYONE'S RUNNING AROUND LIKE IT'S THE END OF THE WORLD.
MAYBE IT IS. I HEARD THE WRECKAGE OF THE BUILDING WAS TIDIED UP BEFORE ANY TRACES OF EVIDENCE COULD BE FOUND.
WE HAVE NO PERP, NO MOTIVE, NO HARD EVIDENCE, AND A CITY FULL OF CROOKS ALL STRICKEN WITH COINCIDENTAL AMNESIA.
WELL, WHOEVER IT IS WHO BLEW UP THE CASTLE, FISK SURVIVED.
I GUESS THAT MEANS WE CAN GUARANTEE A FEW MORE FIREWORKS BEFORE THIS IS THROUGH.

I HAD A WORD WITH JACK DANIEL ABBOTT YESTERDAY —
OH, YEAH...?
YEAH, I JUST *KNOW* THE GUY WAS TRYING TO TELL ME SOMETHING ABOUT THE NEW MUSCLE...
...BUT I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO WORK OUT WHAT IT *MEANS*. HE GAVE ME SOME KIND OF CLUE.
"SEVEN M.O." RING ANY BELLS?
NOT REALLY.
SAY, YOU EVER GET THE URGE TO *GOB* ON PEOPLE FROM UP HERE?
HMM...?
YOU KNOW... WHEN YOU'RE TEARING ALONG AFTER SOME SUPER-CROOK OR WHATEVER —
— YOU EVER GET THE URGE TO JUST LEAN DOWN AND *HOCK* ONE AT SOME POOR, UNSUSPECTING PASSER-BY?
AN' THE GUY'S, LIKE, CRANING HIS NECK UPWARDS TO LOOK AT ALL THE EXCITEMENT, AN' IT CATCHES HIM RIGHT IN THE *EYE*...
GROW *UP*, PETER. WE'RE NOT *CHILDREN* ANYMORE.


I NOTICED. SO WHAT'S THE PLAN, STAN?
I DON'T HAVE ONE.
I SWEAR... SOMETIMES, I WONDER IF I'M NOT LOSING FAITH IN THIS WHOLE TORTUROUS PROCESS YOU AND I PUT OURSELVES THROUGH.
HOW TYPICAL THAT FISK HAD THE FORESIGHT TO INSTALL TEN FOOT PLEXIGLASS ON THE TOP FEW FLOORS OF HIS BUILDING --
-- THE MAN HAS MORE LIVES THAN TWENTY CATS. I CAN'T HELP THINKING HOW UNFAIR THAT IS --
I KNOW. BUT HEY... LEAVE IT TO A LAWYER TO FIND THE SILVER LINING IN THIS MORASS OF HUMAN MISERY, RIGHT? THE FAT BOY HIMSELF... WHAT'RE YOU GONNA DO WITH ALL THE MONEY --?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN -- WHAT MONEY?
YOU DIDN'T KNOW? YOU'RE KIDDING, RIGHT? I MEAN... TELL ME YOU'RE NOT KIDDING --
WHAT...? WHAT?
OH, BOY, ARE YOU IN FOR A SURPRISE --

...AND YOU MAY GIVE MY REGARDS TO THE WIFE OF OUR REPORTER FRIEND --
EXCUSE ME, THIS IS A PRIVATE ROOM, SIR... YOU CAN'T COME IN HERE!
MISTER FISK!
AH, GENTLEMEN... I BELIEVE MY ATTORNEY HAS ARRIVED --
I BELIEVE YOU'RE MISTAKEN, SIR. DUE TO AN UNFORTUNATE CONFLICT OF INTEREST, I'M AFRAID MY OFFICE WILL BE UNABLE TO TAKE YOUR CASE IN THE FORESEEABLE FUTURE.
OUR FIRM CURRENTLY REPRESENTS ONE OF THE PLAINTIFFS AGAINST YOU IN AN UNRELATED MATTER.
BUT I WOULD BE HAPPY TO REFER YOU TO A MORE... APPROPRIATE ATTORNEY.
GENTLEMEN... A MOMENT ALONE, IF YOU PLEASE... MISTER MURDOCK AND I HAVE PRIVATE MATTERS TO DISCUSS.

WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE *DOING* --?
I'M SEEING THE WORLD *DIFFERENTLY.* HADN'T YOU HEARD?
LET'S GET ONE THING STRAIGHT, YOU BIG SLUG -- THE END OF TIME WILL COME AND GO AND HELL WILL FREEZE OVER BEFORE I AGREE TO THIS. I WILL NEVER, *EVER* WORK ON YOUR BEHALF --
WHAT?
ON THE CONTRARY, MURDOCK... I DO BELIEVE YOU *WILL.*

WHAT MAKES YOU SO SURE?
I HAVEN'T HAD AS MUCH PRACTICE BEING BLIND AS YOU HAVE, BUT BEING LIKE THIS HAS GIVEN ME A NEW PERSPECTIVE --
-- A NEW LEASE ON LIFE, IF YOU WILL.
I FEEL AS THOUGH WE HAVE COME TO UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER, YOU AND I. YOU ARE A MAN OF HONOR, FOR WHICH I PITY YOU. I AM A REALIST, AND YOU HATE ME FOR IT.
THERE ARE NO SECRETS BETWEEN US ANYMORE. YOU ALREADY KNOW, OF COURSE, THAT I CANNOT AND WILL NOT ALLOW SOME SNOT-NOSED UPSTART TO STAKE ANY CLAIM TO MY ARENA OF OPERATIONS. AND I, OF COURSE, KNOW THAT YOU ARE DAREDEVIL.
THERE'S A NEW SHARK IN THE SEA, MURDOCK, AND HE'S BEEN TRYING TO TAKE A BITE OUT OF ME. I WANT YOU TO REEL HIM IN.
YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING --
I NEVER JOKE ABOUT MATTERS OF BUSINESS, MATTHEW -- YOU KNOW THAT. SO, YOU'LL DON YOUR LITTLE RED MONKEY SUIT AND YOU'LL FIND OUR MUTUAL ANTAGONIST, AND YOU'LL SCARE HIM AWAY.
BECAUSE IF YOU DON'T, YOU CAN REST ASSURED THERE WILL BE A WAR. INNOCENTS WILL DIE AND BLOOD WILL BE SHED.
IF THAT HAPPENS, IT WILL BE YOUR FAULT.
YOU HAVE NO CHOICE.

NOW, TO BUSINESS: I'M INFORMED THAT TWO OLD FRIENDS, STILT MAN AND GLADIATOR, RECENTLY TOOK AN UNSCHEDULED VACATION FROM THE MAXIMUM SECURITY WING OF A FEDERAL MENTAL INSTITUTION WHERE THEY HAVE BEEN INCARCERATED FOR THE PAST FEW YEARS.
I'M ALSO TOLD THEY'VE CHOSEN RATHER UNWISELY TO ALLY THEMSELVES WITH THE "WRONG CROWD," SO TO SPEAK. I CAN'T IMAGINE WHY THEY'D AGREE TO SOMETHING SO UNHEALTHY, BUT THERE YOU HAVE IT.
THERE'S A THIRD MEMBER OF THE TEAM THAT ATTACKED MY BUILDING -- A CHARMING FELLOW WITH A PENCHANT FOR LEAVING PENNIES ON THE EYES OF HIS VICTIMS.
I WAS UNDER THE IMPRESSION YOU WERE PRESENT WHEN THE LUNATIC KNOWN AS COPPERHEAD WAS ELECTROCUTED SOME YEARS AGO, SO WE MAY ASSUME THIS IS AN IMPOSTER.
BUT THEY CANNOT HAVE ACTED ALONE -- ALL MY INSTINCTS TELL ME THEY DON'T HAVE THE RESOURCES. I WANT YOU TO FIND THE RINGLEADER, WHOEVER HE IS, AND BRING HIM DOWN.
YOU WILL USE YOUR LEGAL REPRESENTATION OF ME AS A COVER TO REPORT YOUR FINDINGS PERIODICALLY, AND I EXPECT THE JUDGE TO FIND IN MY FAVOR, IF YOU PLEASE --
ALL RIGHT... YOU WIN -- FOR THE MOMENT.
"SEVEN M.O." IT'S THE ONLY LEAD I HAVE -- DOES IT MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU?
I WOULD SAY IF A MAN WANTED TO SOLVE THAT PARTICULAR RIDDLE...
OWL
...IT WOULD DEPEND ON HOW HE LOOKED AT IT.

THE OWL..? IT CAN'T BE --
..AH-HEHH... I'D LOVE TO SEE THE LOOK ON YOUR FACE RIGHT NOW, MURDOCK.
IT IF IS OWLSLEY THEN WE'RE BOTH IN FOR AN INTERESTING TIME, I THINK. SANE MEN CAN BE BRIBED, OR REASONED WITH, OR INTIMIDATED. LUNATICS ARE LESS TRACTABLE.
NOW GO... PLAY. DO WHATEVER IT IS YOU DO.
FIND THE OWL, FIND OUT WHERE HE IS, AND REMOVE HIM FROM MY AWARENESS.
DON'T EVER -- EVER -- ASSUME I'M AGREEING TO THIS TO APPEASE YOU, FISK.
IF IT MAKES YOU FEEL BETTER, THEN BY ALL MEANS YOU MAY MAKE THAT YOUR OWN PERSONAL MANTRA. IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE TO ME -- I HAVE WHAT I NEED, AS I PREDICTED I WOULD.
AND YOU KNOW, IN A WAY, I'M SEEING A LONG-HELD PERSONAL DREAM FULFILLED THIS AFTERNOON...
"...I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO OWN A SUPER HERO."

MATT! OVER HERE!
H-HEY... WHAT, UH...
HANG IN... CATCH MY BREATH.. HERE'S YOUR BRIEF-CASE...
...WHAT THE HELL D'YOU MEAN BY, "WE'RE TAKING THE FISK CASE?" THIS SOME KIND OF, UH... LAWYER JOKE?
NO JOKE, FOGGY. YOU NEVER HEARD THE OLD CLICHE ABOUT "KEEPING YOUR FRIENDS CLOSE AND YOUR ENEMIES CLOSER?"
MISTER FISK HAS RETAINED OUR SERVICES IN THE MATTER OF THE GAS MAIN EXPLOSION AT HIS TOWER. I NEED YOU TO DO ME A FAVOR AND GO MEET WITH HIS ACCOUNTING FIRM IN WISCONSIN --
WELL, SURE... BUT WHAT FOR?
ALL THE INFORMATION YOU NEED IS IN THE CASE. AH, THERE SHE IS --
FALLEN
GET UP
FOGGY NELSON, I DO BELIEVE YOU'VE MET NATASHA ROMANOV?

NATASHA, YOU REMEMBER FOGGY, DON'T YOU? NATASHA'S GOING TO BE HELPING US WITH THIS CASE, FOG.
URR.
HOW COULD I FORGET THE DASHING MISTER FOGGY NELSON.
YOU LOOK SO SLIM THESE DAYS, FOGGY -- AS SKINNY AS A RAKE
SO, MISTER NELSON... WOULD YOU LIKE TO FILL ME IN?
JEEZ, MATT... WHAT'M I SUPPOSED TO DO?
YOU'LL FIGURE IT OUT. JUST LOOK THROUGH THE BRIEFCASE, FOGGY -- I'VE GIVEN YOU ALL THE INFORMATION YOU NEED. YOU CAN TELL NATASHA EVERYTHING.

CALL IT A *HUNCH.* IT WAS SOMETHING JACK ABBOTT SAID TO ME ABOUT LOOKING FOR THE BAD GUYS UP IN THE AIR WHEN IN REALITY, THEY'RE UNDER YOUR [redacted].
COME ON.
THIS IS A *JOKE,* RIGHT?
IF THE OWL'S OUR MAN, AND HE HAS ENOUGH SAVVY TO KNOW PEOPLE ARE LOOKING FOR HIM, WHERE DO *YOU* THINK HE'D HIDE?
YOU COMING?
I GOT A BAD *FEELING* ABOUT THIS.

HE'S NOT THE ONLY ONE. I MAY NOT POSSESS SPIDER-MAN'S INTUITION, BUT I HAVE A GREAT SENSE OF SMELL. AND I SMELL DANGER.
THE SEWER'S AN OVERLOAD OF SENSORY INFORMATION TO SOMEONE LIKE ME -- TOO MUCH INFORMATION IS NO INFORMATION AT ALL.
UP AHEAD, I THINK I DETECT THE TELLTALE SOUNDS OF HEARTS BEATING EXCITEDLY. BUT IT'S MY IMAGINATION -- RATS, SCURRYING OVER KNOCKING PIPES.
LAUGHTER, LIKE TINKLING BELLS... THAT'S THE SOUND OF WATER DRIPPING INTO THE SEWER. A PLASTIC BAG RUSTLES, CAUGHT IN AN EDDY CURRENT OF NAUSEATING SLUDGE.
ONLY GOD KNOWS WHAT'S MAKING THAT FOUL SMELL. I FOCUS ON THE PIPES AND THE RATS. STRANGE... THERE'S ANOTHER SOUND BENEATH IT...
...THE SOUND OF BREATHING!
SPIDER-MAN..
LOOK OUT --!

BAM
BAM
I TOLD YOU I HAD A BAD FEELING! DIDN'T I TELL YOU --?
AH... UHH...
BUT THERE'S STILL SOMETHING TERRIBLY WRONG HERE... AND IT'S NOT JUST THE BULLETS FLYING PAST OUR NOSES -- IT'S SOMETHING ELSE.
SO MUCH NOISE... EVERYTHING'S HAPPENING AT ONCE. THE SOURCE OF THE SHOTS ISN'T COMING ANY CLOSER... WHY AREN'T THEY ADVANCING?
THEY DON'T WANT US TO GET OUT... NO -- THEY WANT US IN HERE! IT'S SO LOUD. I SMELL...
...NITRO-GLYCERINE!
GET DOWN!

OHH, GOD... DD? YOU OKAY?
DAREDEVIL?
WELL, HOW ABOUT THAT, BOSS? WHAT'RE WE GONNA DO WITH THESE TWO LOSERS?
EAT.
BAD BOYS DON'T CRY!

DAREDEVIL
#COMICSCANS
DALNET